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AMERICAN IDEALS

A SYMPOSIUM

ADDRESSES BY

HON. JOHN BASSETT MOORE
RIGHT REV. DAVID H. GREER
THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
OSWALD G. VILLARD
REAR ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY
REV. FREDERICK LYNCH
DR. JAMES J. WALSH

LETTERS FROM

PRESIDENT EMERITUS CHARLES W. ELIOT
CHANCELLOR ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN

PUBLISHED BY
SATURDAY DISCUSSIONS COMMITTEE
REPUBLICAN CLUB
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PURPOSES
OF
THE SATURDAY DISCUSSIONS

The Saturday Discussions of the Republican Club of the City of New York were established some years since for the purpose of providing a Forum for a broad and patriotic consideration of questions of vital importance and of local and national interest to the people of the United States.

These discussions are absolutely non-partisan, non-sectarian and non-racial and include questions that are national, international and world-wide.

The special purpose of the Club is to make these discussions educational, and to aid in elevating the consideration of vital questions to a higher plane of appreciation and to contribute to their solution by appealing to the highest sentiment and enlisting the strongest support.


In this spirit the Club welcomes to its Saturday rostrum men from all political parties, from all the religious denominations, and from all the races that enter into our national and international life.

The addresses and communications in this pamphlet were specially prepared for the occasion, and are typical of this new departure of the higher aspirations of a political club, strong enough in its personality and broad enough in its views to extend its usefulness along patriotic lines, without losing its identity and without sacrificing or neglecting its special political mission.

EDWARD F. CRAGIN,

NEW YORK, March 27, 1915.

Chairman.



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A Symposium

Addresses delivered at Saturday Discussions
of the Republican Club, March 27th, 1915

BY

Hon. JOHN BASSETT MOORE,
Former Assistant Secretary of State

Right Rev. DAVID H. GREER,
Bishop for the Diocese of New York

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE,
Warden, Sing Sing Prison

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE,
Editor and Author

OSWALD G. VILLARD,
of the New York Evening Post

Rear Admiral ROBERT E. PEARY,
Arctic Explorer

Rev. FREDERICK LYNCH,
Editor and Author

Dr. JAMES J. WALSH,
Editor and Author

Letters received from

President Emeritus CHARLES W. ELIOT,
of Harvard University

Chancellor ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN,
of New York University

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INTRODUCTION BY

EDWARD F. CRAGIN,

Chairman of the Saturday Discussions Committee

This is the last discussion of this, the sixth series. We opened in January with a discussion of the topic, "THE EUROPEAN WAR AND AFTER." We have had an "ARMY DAY" and a "NAVY DAY."

We were favored with the presence of Ambassadors and Ministers when we considered the relations between Latin America and the United States.

We have discussed the future of the Philippines, and have also considered New York State and local affairs.

To-day we are on a different plane; perhaps a higher one. Some months ago, Prof. Peabody, of Harvard University, published a book relating to the characteristics of Americans. He stated that a common belief of foreigners was that the acquisition of money was the one great outstanding characteristic of Americans. The worshipping of the "Almighty Dollar" was universal. Yet Professor Peabody showed clearly that with all the intense eagerness to acquire wealth, there was prevalent throughout this country a high idealism. This permeated all classes, and was steadily developing the highest American ideals, and this is our topic to-day, "AMERICAN IDEALS."

HON. JOHN BASSETT MOORE*

Formerly Assistant Secretary of State

Every great nation has made, to the history and civilization of the world, some distinct individual contribution. In no case has this been more emphatically true than in that of the United States. The entrance of the United States of America into the family of nations was, as I venture to believe, the most important event of the past two hundred years and one of the most important events of all time. For centuries, transitions of government in Europe had been complicated with settled, fixed traditions. In America the ground was relatively clear, so that the people might plant as they liked and gather the appropriate harvest.

The Declaration of Independence itself presaged the development of a theory and a policy which must be worked out in opposition to the ideas that had then long dominated the civilized world. Of this theory and policy the keynote was freedom: freedom of the individual, in order that he might work out his destiny in his own way; freedom in government, in order that the human faculties might have free course; freedom in commerce, in order that the resources of the earth might be developed and rendered fruitful in the increase of human wealth, contentment and happiness.

Intimately associated with the idea of freedom was that of opportunity—equality of opportunity. When the late Chief Justice Fuller was nominated for the Supreme Court of the United States by President Cleveland, the circumstance was recalled that, only a few weeks previ-

* Hon. John Bassett Moore, who was to open the discussion, was prevented by illness from being present but kindly sent his address which is here given.

ously, when his name had not been mentioned in connection with the post of Chief Justice, he opened an address before a club at Chicago with the declaration, "The Republic is opportunity." The truth of the declaration was strikingly illustrated in his own case.

It was inevitable that the American people, possessed of a measure of freedom and of opportunity such as no other people enjoyed, should develop the ideal of democracy. I, of course, speak of democracy in its broad and philosophical sense and not in the sense of party politics. It is a well known historical fact that the party first professing the ideal of democracy, as opposed to the conservation of existing privileges, called itself "republican." But, no matter what might be the party title, the broad democratic spirit grew and flourished and eventually carried everything with it. The so-called Federalist party, because it came to be associated with certain policies of unpopular tendency, lost its following and ceased to exist.

The popular party, first called "republican," then "democratic-republican," and finally simply "democratic," eventually came to embrace for a time substantially the entire population, and for a considerable period divided on personal rather than on political lines. The election of the President of the United States was practically taken from the hands of the small and select electoral body in which the Constitution had placed it and was transferred by popular action to the people of the United States. Candidates came to be nominated by national conventions, and it was for the purpose of casting their ballots for the one candidate or the other that the electors in the several States were chosen. In recent years an effort has been made still further to popularize the selection of candidates for the Presidency.

The revolution in national methods was only a reflection of what had been going on in the several States. In colonial times the right of suffrage was closely restricted. In some instances, special moral qualifications were prescribed; in others, religious tests were exacted; but everywhere property qualifications were imposed. An

accomplished student of our political institutions has estimated that, as the result of the conditions thus imposed upon the exercise of the elective franchise, the number of voters down to the year 1800 was only from 15 to 20 per cent. of what the number would have been on the basis of to-day.

Not only was the number of electors increased, under a system practically based on universal manhood suffrage, but a tendency was manifested to make all offices elective. As a result, not only were executive officers and members of legislative bodies chosen by popular vote, but even judicial magistrates were placed in a similar category. The system of electing judges by popular vote, which seems first to have been adopted in Georgia in 1812, for the purpose of selecting judges of the inferior courts, was made applicable to all judicial magistrates in Mississippi by the Constitution of 1832. The method thus introduced was soon adopted in other States, and in time the popular election of judges became general. That it has everywhere worked with entire satisfaction is a claim which even those who are convinced of its general soundness would hardly make for it.

All the movements of this world, whether conservative or radical, tend to go to extremes. The great task of statesmanship is to preserve a proper balance. In one instance the desire to secure equality of opportunity was carried so far as to abolish all qualifications for admission to the practice of the law. This was done in Indiana, and was made a part of the constitution of the State. How the system worked may be inferred from the fact that unlearned and unskilled practitioners came to be known as "constitutional" lawyers—a phrase employing, in this particular instance, a certain measure of disrespect. Recently, however, this particular privilege of ignorance and incapacity has been done away with by a new constitutional provision.

In this change we have an illustration of the disposition of the American democracy to profit by experience and to correct errors when they are shown to exist. This is in reality but a manifestation of what may be called the sound conservatism of the American people. No

doubt one of the greatest perils to which democracy is exposed is that of the exaltation of inefficiency and incompetency. There may be, and doubtless are, persons who honestly believe that knowledge and experience may beget prejudices which are more to be reprobated than the mistakes that proceed from a want of knowledge and skill. But I am far from believing that this is the general sense of the American people. I believe, on the contrary, that they desire the best service that can be obtained and fully appreciate the importance of being well served.

Another American ideal which I wish to mention is that of legality. The great end of democracy is the incorporation of its purposes and aspirations in the form of just and equal laws. Acting in what I have called the spirit of legality, the American people have committed to their courts a larger and more important part than is perhaps elsewhere borne by judicial tribunals in the administration of the affairs of the community.

What a combination of ideals is here exhibited—freedom, opportunity, legality! In the combination of these ideals we find the true basis of peace, national and international.

ADDRESS OF RIGHT REV. DAVID H. GREER, D. D.

Bishop for the Diocese of New York.

When one of your members, my friend, Mr. Partridge, sent me an invitation to be present on this occasion, I felt uncertain as to whether I should be able to avail myself of your courtesy and this privilege, because it happened to come at a time somewhat inconvenient for me. I finally said, using the language of the Quaker, that I would come if the Spirit moved me. The Spirit has moved me and I am here. I find, too, I am somewhat in sympathy with the Quaker on another subject which is just now engaging the attention of mankind, and inasmuch as that is an absorbing topic of the hour, with a drift somewhat in that direction among the American people, perhaps I may be permitted to speak of it because of its bearing upon American ideals in the course of this discussion. I find that for some reason—I know not what—I am down on the programme as Chaplain, and therefore I shall discuss for a little while this subject from what may be called a “creedal point of view,” and I shall avail myself of the privilege which the Chairman has extended to all the speakers and which your courtesy will permit, to speak very frankly.

My proposition, then, is this: That war is contrary to the teaching of three enlightened creeds. First, it is contrary to the teaching of the Christian Creed. That Christian Creed is, I know, variously interpreted, and yet in spite of these different views concerning it, all agree in this, that Christianity was the introduction, the liberation into the world, of a great moral force, which, if permitted freely and fully to work would effect the moral subjugation and conquest of the world. And why? Because it was the greatest force there is, namely, the force of God, which Jesus Christ reveals as the force of love.

Not love as a feeling or sentimental passion; this is but a fleeting and evanescent thing, the expression of which is determined by physical or nervous or temperamental conditions: but love as a quality or energy of life, which shows itself or proves itself not in paroxysmal emotions but in human service. It is in short a love for human kind and for all human kind, for foe as well as friend. Not merely for congenial folk or those who by some local tie or natural affinity are related to us. That is easy. Everybody can practice that. The heathen man can do it; and we do not need any Christianity to teach or enforce it. And if that be all that Christianity is, it is not anything worth while and we can get on without it. But that is not all. The love which Christianity teaches and which with its Founder came into the world, which He taught and practiced, for which He lived and died, was a larger love than that, purer, nobler, harder. It was not merely a tribal love, national or racial. That I say again is an easy kind of love, which before Christianity came and outside of Christianity to-day is seen in every tribe and every nation. But Christian love reaches out beyond those tribal lines and limits. The distinctive thing about it is that it is a love not merely for fellow-countrymen but for fellow-creatures. It is not merely a national or patriotic love, although of course including that and lifting up and exalting that, giving nobler aim and nobler purpose to it, but something else and more. It is a super-national or international love, like that love of God which makes His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and His rain to fall on the unjust as on the just.

And that is what essential Christianity is or what it claims to be. Without that Christian love, for foe as well as friend, as an enforcing sanction, international treaties and arbitral court decrees are but scraps of paper which will shrivel up in flames when once the passion of war breaks out in a nation and like a prairie fire sweeps over the land. Still it may be said, it is said, that in our practical workaday world, with so much raw human nature in it, that Christianity love is too high and good for human nature's daily food, and does not and cannot work. Well, then, what will work? How can we over-

come the evil in the world? If we cannot do it by moral force, can we do it by physical force? That may for a time suppress it, but only for a season; it cannot checkmate it; there is always another possible opening on the board or another possible play, with another combination of its parts and pieces, which may make it, and often does make it, more cunning, crafty, rancorous and devilish and also more formidable than it was before. This is not theory; it may have been once, but it is no longer theory but fact; for now we see that physical force at work in the world upon a tremendous scale, subsidizing to itself all the physical resources and all the ingenious physical inventions of modern civilization. We also see that it is breaking down with a fearful crash and making a sad mess of it. Is it not a time in which to try to inaugurate and establish in the world some other kind of force? How would it do to try this Christianity force? How would it do for our politicians and statesmen and leaders in council to try it? If it should be said, as a recent writer remarks, that this Christianity force "would destroy human society by giving to the burglar, the bully, the procurer, the fraudulent company promoter, a loose rein," the answer is that such men are the natural result of the long established policy of physical force, and would have long since died a natural death if the Christianity force had been the policy of the world. We first manufacture our criminals and then punish them, heedless of the fact that our iniquity, I should rather say our stupidity, is the same in both cases.

War is also contrary to the teaching of an enlightened twentieth century creed. For one of the things which we of the twentieth century are beginning to see and learn is this—that in spite of all its differences, of time, place, circumstance, race, creed, color or of whatsoever sort, human life is one, of one human piece. That is what with a clearness never before so clear is dawning now upon us, that national terms and forms or racial terms and forms, the Saxon, the Slavic, the Germanic, are surface terms and forms, implying or denoting surface differentials and surface cleavage lines, and that the real and true and basic term is the human, giving to all nations and to all races a common human kinship and a common

human tie. Not only theoretically but practically we are learning it. For is it not true, practically true, true as a matter of fact, that the field on which we move to-day, think, act, live, in art, in science, in letters, in commerce, is not that part of human life immediately about us, the vicinage of the State, the Nation or the race, but the vicinage of the world? On that field we move, in that field we toil, in large and broadening lands, and from it our subsistence win, not only for the body but also for the brain. The gate through which we pass to-day, however narrow in itself, opens into the world, and we cannot shut it. It opens into the world, whose treasures now we reap, gather and exchange, whose words and cries and sounds like the noise of many waters we cannot fail to hear, whose compass now we scan, whose pressure now we feel, whose common life we live.

That is the enlightened twentieth century creed; not sectionalism or nationalism, but cosmopolitanism, affirming and declaring that human life is not many but one, with a common human kindred and a common human tie binding it all together. That is why we instinctively feel that the war which is raging in Europe now is not only a war of nations against nations, or races against races, but that it is a war against the twentieth century, with its great and growing consciousness of the solidarity of human life in all nations, kindreds, tribes and tongues, with its great and growing consciousness that God has made of one blood, one human blood, all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth.

Again war is contrary to the teaching of our enlightened American creed. When the early pioneers came to this western world, they came not simply to found or build another nation, but a *new* nation, which should stand for and represent something new among the nations of the earth, something higher and better, something nobler and greater; that here upon this American shore, separated by great oceans from the entanglements of the old world, something new should appear upon the face of the earth like a new island rising out of the sea; when, with a sublime confidence, not in the essential badness but in the essential goodness of human life, it would reach

some higher and nobler destiny. They came, those early settlers, as Lowell said, not seeking gold but God. That is not unqualifiedly true. They did come seeking for physical treasure, for their physical well-being; yet running through and pervading that physical quest and search there was some higher aim shining through it all, there was some brighter vision, the vision of a land whose foundation should be laid deep and strong in God. Their vision was at times faulty and defective, but the important thing is this, that they had a vision, that they believed in it, and were true to it and were ready to suffer for it, and did suffer for it.

What is our vision to-day, or have we any at all? An old Persian philosopher has said, "Glory not in the fact that you love your country, but glory in the fact that you love your kind." I should rather put it in this way, glory in your country for the sake of your kind.

That is the patriotic love which tends to bring out all the best and noblest passions in our human nature. And that is or should be our enlightened American Creed, our patriotic creed or patriotic vision, our power in the present and our hope for the future, to guide and to save us, to make us a great and strong and united people. For "Where there is no vision the people perish," or, more literally, "the people are let loose or left to run wild." Perhaps I can do no better to sum up all I have said about our enlightened American creed than to do so in the words of a gifted and true-hearted American woman which I am permitted to quote:

This morning I awoke with a new thought, to me new but no doubt one that has taken possession of many thinking men and women. We all believe that the Christ spirit alone can bring to humanity true righteousness, and it came to me that His spirit must prevail not only with individuals, even to giving up of life, but also with nations; that a nation must come to so high an understanding of its relations to other nations that it can and will follow Christ's example and accept the teaching of His Sermon on the Mount, that it can be reviled and revile not again. If our President will stand firm, holding in check the beastly instincts we have inherited from the brute, our Nation may become the Christ among nations. Why not? Even if it should mean crucifixion, there would be the resurrec-

tion, and the spiritual Christ would be the ruler of humanity. Why should we increase our army and build great ships of destruction even for defence? Would they not be more of a challenge than a defence? Would there not be more safety in using our strength and energy in learning to govern ourselves and in learning the lessons of righteousness in our dealings with one another? I am so desirous that Mr. Wilson shall hold firm to his purpose to allow no entanglements with any of the warring nations; that he shall be the high rock against which the wild passions of our own countrymen shall beat in vain, that my thought becomes the "soul's sincere desire."

These are the words of the widow of the late President Garfield which she recently wrote to her son, the president of Williams College, which express so admirably and so well our enlightened American creed and our patriotic vision, which, if we have the courage to be true to it, will help us to work out that high and noble destiny still undetermined which awaits us in the future.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

Warden, Sing Sing Prison

When I accepted the invitation to be here this afternoon, although I could be here but a very short time, it was with the understanding, on my part at least, that I was to listen and not to speak, but when I got here I found my name on the programme, and so, without any preface, I am going to plunge at once into my story. I will tell you one or two incidents.

Many of you may have seen in the newspapers a brief notice within the past week of the death, just a week ago this morning, of John E. Murphy, better known as "Canada Blackie," who died in the warden's house in Sing Sing a week ago to-day. I think a very brief story of Blackie's career will be interesting. In spite of his name, he was not a negro but a Californian of dark complexion, black hair and very piercing black eyes. Some twenty-five years ago, before he was twenty years of age, he was a resident of Joliet Prison in the State of Illinois. He bore on his wrists marks made by handcuffs when he was strung up with his hands tied behind his back, with his toes just touching the ground, as a punishment while in that institution. He said to me, somewhat pathetically, a few days before his death, that had he been treated fairly that first time he got into prison, his story might have been different. The fact of the matter was, he developed into an outlaw of singular boldness and ability.

Thirteen years ago in this State he was concerned in a bank robbery where the watchman was killed. Two men went to the electric chair for that death, and Blackie was sentenced to life imprisonment. For seven years confined in the prison at Dannemora, he was a model pris-

oner. Then, whether his story is accurate, that a slight difference of opinion between him and the doctor produced constant nagging until his nerves gave out, or whether his nerves gave out on account of the general prison system, makes very little difference. The fact of the matter was they did give out and he got into constant trouble and determined to make a bold dash for liberty. Together with three other men and armed with a pistol which he manufactured out of a piece of gas pipe and explosives made from match heads, he and his associates succeeded in getting as far as the warden's office. The four men were overcome, however, and taken down to Plattsburg, where Blackie received an additional ten years to his life sentence. When I first met this prisoner I asked him what his term was—how long—and he said, "Life and ten years," and when he saw my mouth twitching a little at the reply, he added, "It does seem a little superfluous, doesn't it?"

Coming back to Dannemora, he was put not only in solitary confinement, but in the dark cell, for one year and eight months, lying on the stone floor and contracting the disease of which he died last week. After that, of course, the only resource—mental resource—he had was what he could find within himself. He counted the pin holes in his door, he pulled the buttons off his coat and used up some time by getting as far as he could and throwing them over his shoulder and seeing how long it would take him to find them all. After he came out of the dark cell he was in solitary confinement for five years; in all, he was considered the most dangerous criminal in the State of New York, as he might very well be. He was so dangerous they did not dare keep him in Dannemora because of rumors of dynamite hidden around the prison yard, and even in the dark cell they couldn't keep his personality from reaching his fellow-prisoners. He was removed to Auburn and again placed in solitary confinement. When Warden Rattigan began giving freedom to the prisoners in the State of New York, Blackie was very much interested, as he had been interested in the plans for prison reform that he and I had often talked of before the thing really began, and his interest and his feeling became so strong that after the first day

the men spent out in the yard, the thirtieth of last May, Blackie took me into his cell one afternoon and said, "I have something here I want you to give to the warden." He reached for a can of talcum powder, hollowed out a little hole in the powder and presented me with a key which fitted the lock of his cell. Reaching through the bars, he could unlock his cell at any moment. Then he reached out a steel knife, saying, "There isn't another man in prison that could have made that." When he handed me the knife he said, "I intended to use that, but I feel so deeply what Warden Rattigan and you are trying to do for the prisoners here that I decided to give it to you. Tell the warden he need not have any anxiety about me, because I am going straight."

Next day I brought Blackie out into the yard, and one of the most dramatic scenes I have ever witnessed followed when this man, after five years in solitary confinement and twelve years since he had stepped on the grass, entered the enclosure. The attitude of the other prisoners toward him was that of hero-worship. You could see that he was a hero in the eyes of those men. The next month he was elected one of the Board of Delegates of the Mutual Welfare League, and was promptly elected one of the executive board, receiving the highest number of votes of any candidate. By September he was one of the most trusted prisoners of the Auburn prison. He was brought to Sing Sing in September in the hope that the climate might benefit him. He was acting and thinking day and night as to how he could benefit his fellow-prisoners. He called one of the prisoners up to his room and said to him, "Now, I want you to understand the new order of things. I want you to realize that this is no longer the old system. In this new system you must understand that the warden is your pal," and so his tremendous influence—perhaps the largest influence in the prisons of any man in the State of New York—was continually exercised to bring about right acting of prisoners toward the authorities, and to help forward the reign of liberty and order under the self-governing principle.

But the disease which had fastened on him in the dark

cells at Dannemora proved too strong, and he died a week ago to-day.

Now, gentlemen, which is the right spirit? Which is according to the American ideals? Which is according to the dictates of common sense? The system which brings about the dangerous animal known as "Canada Blackie" or the one which brings that man into line with the forces of righteousness in society, inside and outside the prison?

If you are a consistent reader of the newspapers, you have seen a good deal about what we are doing up at Sing Sing, and as usual, the newspapers touch for the most part only the superficial aspects of it. I beg you to believe that the superficial aspect is only superficial; that down at the bottom we have a consistent policy. Much has been said about our giving moving picture shows to the prisoners, and although the witnessing of picture shows is far better than keeping them locked up in their cells contracting tuberculosis, I wish you to understand that moving picture shows are not the aim, not the end; the baseball games are not the end; they are only the means of restoring to these men their equilibrium, because I believe that my job is to try and send those men back into the world better adapted to lead honest and capable lives than when they came to prison.

One more story. You have heard a great deal about the "dope" question at Sing Sing, and everyone knows the contracting of the drug habit has been the curse of Sing Sing. Do you know why they have contracted that habit? To forget the horrible Sunday afternoons; because the way they celebrated the Lord's Day was by being locked in their cells all day long, for more than twenty hours shut up in those damp, deadly cells. Now then, there was the most difficult problem that I had to face. How did I handle it? By doing nothing at all, because I left it to the end. What has happened? It has taken care of itself. Because the men trusted and given responsibility for it have practically, I do not say entirely, wiped drugs out of Sing Sing themselves. To me it has been the most amazing thing in all my experience in life, but I know what I tell you is true.

In January a man came to me. He was a wreck. He was just out of a hospital, having taken a cure for the drug. He had a wife and three children. He wanted to get away from the habit. I asked him, "Have you ever been in prison before?" "Eleven times," he replied. Said I, "I hope you will have the strength to win." He said, "I will try, but I don't know, one of the 'screws' wants my watch." He meant one of the officers, because some of the officers peddled drugs inside the prison. And two days afterwards I was met by a man who said as he passed, "The watch is gone," and not knowing how to tackle the problem, still I did nothing. About three weeks ago I met at the foot of the stairs a man; he stood up straight, six feet high, broad shoulders. I said, "Good gracious, I didn't recognize you." "Mr. Osborne, I have gained forty pounds." Said I, "It isn't possible!" "I don't believe there is an ounce of 'dope' in the place" he continued and added, "I have got my watch." Said I, "How?" "The 'screw' brought it back to me, saying, as he did so, 'The warden didn't ask any questions, but December first is coming, and I thought I had better go on the level.'" Since that time, I have found, not from one source, but from two or three, that there is very little drug-taking in Sing Sing to-day, and perhaps you will believe that I am not exaggerating the lessening of the drug evil at the prison when I tell you that two of the prisoners recently held up a guard who was bringing the stuff into the jail and made him destroy it. That is what will happen when you treat men according to American ideals, when you give them responsibility, when you treat them like men. One poet has spoken thus about the English people:

"Forever they are dreamers who make their dreams come true."

We are taught to be a very practical people. Well, we are in some ways, but thank Heaven, we are not altogether practical. We are not altogether pursuing the dollar. We have our dreams; now up there at Sing Sing I have dreamed we could take these mournful wrecks of humanity and turn them out men, and that dream is coming true.

ADDRESS OF HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

Editor and Author

We have already crossed the summit and any further remarks on this subject are superfluous. I am sorry Mr. Osborne has gone. I should like to have recalled to him that beautiful and profoundly true statement of a great German idealist more than a century ago:

As yet lingers the darkness and the twelfth hour, but the time will come when it shall be light and man shall waken from his lofty dreams and find his dreams all there,—that nothing is gone save his sleep.

We have had a practical demonstration of American idealism, more heroic in itself and in its testimony than anything that anyone can say here.

At the very outset, our government is the incarnation of the most daring idealism in history. It rests on faith in every man. It is the greatest credit system ever known and Mr. Osborne has carried that fundamental American faith in humanity down into the depths that were, until he came, shrouded in darkness. I don't mean to say that other men and women haven't had the vision, but I do mean to say that no man has taken that lamp in his hand and walked so resolutely and firmly down into the subterranean depths of crime as he has.

If I were asked by a foreigner to name a half dozen books that would bring him in close contact with American ideals, I should name Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, a selection of Lincoln's speeches, Emerson's *Essays*, Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery" and Jacob Riis' "Making of an American." There, in a little group are the text books of the first undefined ideals of America and the latest application of those ideals. If

you want to know the ideals of a people you will find them in the men that they honor and love, the men who incarnate the things that are dearest, and who are the most representative Americans. When I say that I mean not simply our heroes, but the men who couldn't have been made under any other social or political conditions. There are men like Washington, who will remain one of the most impressive figures in America, but who was born under English conditions, with many of the tastes and ideals of an English country gentleman. The three men I am thinking of who were the products of American conditions are Franklin and Emerson and Lincoln.

Franklin, the master of the art of applying ideas to life, the man who took nothing for granted, but immediately asked himself how it could be improved; the man who made science practical, perhaps the first American scientist, and yet bringing science out of the laboratory into the streets and homes—Franklin, with his immense practical sagacity.

It is a great mistake to imagine that because a nation has the power of dealing with affairs and a keen sense of realities which all great nations must have, that, therefore, it cannot have the vision. As a matter of fact, every nation that has ever achieved anything has had both the vision and the power of dealing with realities. It was the secret of the Greeks at their best; it was the secret of Holland, of England, of Venice. It has always seemed to me that you could not understand England anywhere but in Westminster Abbey, where, on one hand, stand the men of affairs who have dealt strongly with conditions as they were, and on the other side the men of vision from the time of Spenser to the time of Kipling. The vision and the power that uses it—they must go together.

Then there is Emerson—a great dreamer, but with his feet firmly on the ground. I have always loved the story of the man who was being driven up from the station in Concord, having come as a pilgrim. Asking the driver some questions about Emerson, he received the response, "A man of considerable property." Emerson, the

dreamer, the man who has expressed more clearly the American ideals than any other man, who taught the authority of the individual soul, that nothing should come between a man's inspiration from God and his action among his fellows—the keeping of a man's character in touch with his ideals, the great and sacred doctrine of the best American ideals.

And about Lincoln, of whom it is impossible to speak without a tribute to that beauty of nature which has more and more revealed itself. Aye, gentlemen, if we had done nothing on this continent but produce Emerson and Lincoln, it would not have been settled in vain. By the good fortune of death he has become more and more a revelation to us, for when death touched him, the mortal part disappeared, revealing that immortal thing that was in him, such a precious heritage for us, the finest ideal of America.

This is still a pioneer country, and the great quality of the pioneer is the sense of being a neighbor to another. They stand together or they fall, so from the very beginning, the deepest thing in the American has been the ideal of the neighbor. Lincoln was a great neighbor. Beginning with the little town and broadening into the larger environment, he moved from one neighborhood to another, from the village to the country, from the country to the State, from the State to the section, from the section to the nation. Everywhere as his observation enlarged his vision enlarged, and so at last he stood, the first man in the nation. His speeches will long remain the text-book of the kind of American life which is expressed when a man begins at the bottom and climbs to the top. He was the most convincing and most eloquent man of his time, the leader who understood his nation and his people, and was in closer touch with them than any other man of his time.

Who would not give all Mr. Everett's eloquent address at Gettysburg for the five-minute address that Lincoln made that day?

In America first neighborhood was the section, and the ideals of the section you will find in Emerson and

Whittier and Bryant the ideals of the sanctity of man and the passion of the neighbor, the two great qualities which Mr. Bryce used to say were the special things in our atmosphere—hopefulness and helpfulness.

Then the Civil War developed the nation. American literature began to express the national feeling in Lanier and Whitman. Whitman was a great neighbor. Sometimes he was more intimate with his neighbor's backyard than anything else! but he felt and reported, in his way, the life of the continent.

Lanier was a great neighbor of the spirit—a poet of continental sympathies, as contrasted with the New England and Southern men who preceded him.

American life is only partially expressed in its government. That life is far greater than its political expression. If you want to found a college you don't go to the government. If you want to organize the greatest outpouring of relief for those who are smitten and distressed, you don't go to the government. You organize everywhere relief committees among the people and they, impelled by a common motive, send their wealth across the sea, simply as an expression of American generosity. The very essence of our life is the sense of neighborliness. We never yet have counted the cost when it came to securing or guarding the things that are precious to us. The root of the agitation against trusts has been the feeling that there was coming an unneighborly spirit in America, and there are certain names that are now symbols of oppression, not because they are identified with great wealth, but because the country believes that the men who bear them have not been good neighbors.

It would be easy to define in a word the ideals of the younger literature of the day, but I still find it—in all the excess and the extravagance—the “lunatic fringe of reform,” as Mr. Roosevelt has called it—in play and in story, and insistence on a broader conception of the obligation and the opportunity of the neighbor. This is no longer a nation of descendants of English-speaking peoples. That was a noble ideal; but the new one is a broader one. We have come to the point where we are

seeing a great and more human America; to-day, as yesterday, the passion of this people for humanity is expressing itself, not always in permanent forms, nor always in the best forms, nor always in restraint and moderation, but as truly as in the days of the struggle for independence, and as later in the struggle for unity, the struggle for neighborliness still goes on.

John Alexander on the walls of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh has painted a symbolic picture of the American people—a procession of men, women and children of all degrees of social standing, all moving in one direction, all with the light of the future shining on their happy faces, all confident, full of faith, committed to the faith that Paradise lies before us and not behind us. That is the expression of the ideals of American literature worked out in the life of the nation, so much greater than its books or its art or its government.

ADDRESS OF OSWALD G. VILLARD

of the New York Evening Post

I wish to speak this afternoon in no other role than that of the son of a family that came to the United States from Rhenish Bavaria when driven out by the guns of the Prussian militarists. No less than two members thereof had the death sentence of treason imposed upon them—fortunately in their absence. They were among the many who flocked to us from abroad to escape the very evils and burdens of militarism which we are now asked voluntarily to embrace. To them as to me, our American ideals have been those of *service to humanity and to liberty, to create, not to destroy*. To be a refuge to the oppressed of all nations has been our chiefest aim. Our ideal has been to let the newcomers develop as best they might without putting upon them the great burden of enforced military service, or of supporting a large army and navy. Their happiness upon our soil, the eagerness with which they sought, and seek, our citizenship, the passionate loyalty that a Franz Sigel, a Carl Schurz, a Jacob Riis, or a Mary Antin, brought to our unarmed country, justifies us in asserting that more than any others, our institutions, however imperfect, satisfy the human longing for equality of opportunity, for the right to rise in the social scale in accordance with ability and merit, for equality in Government and in the courts of justice. Now, as one of that stock, as well as the son of a father who followed in the army and navy of the North for four years, from Bull Run to the final campaign, I should be untrue and unfaithful to their spirit, if I did not protest with all my might and power against this new doctrine that our American ideals contemplate a nation in arms, either as a citizenry or as professional soldiery, and against the new-born theory that we must devote a still larger portion of our wealth than the sev-

enty-five cents out of every dollar of our income we now devote to the ignoble business of teaching men to kill by wholesale; that we must hold up to our sons the ideals of the military camp and of the battleship deck, that we must denounce Bernhardism but surrender to its teachings, abhor the gospel but accept of its sacrament as something better, finer, nobler, more worth while than the ideals of peace and good will America has cherished heretofore. Let no true American believe this. Let no true American believe for a moment that there is anything in the terrors abroad to make us follow in their footsteps of disaster and abjure the wisest teachings of our fathers and forefathers and the founders of our great Republic. Let no one believe that our immunity through one hundred years during which we were unarmed, unafraid and never molested by any foreign nation save England in the aftermath war of 1812, was accidental. Let none consent that we should fling away our peaceful ideals, our traditions, change the policy of all our national existence and abandon the wonderful, the dominating moral position in which the United States to-day finds itself as the arbiter and leader in the neutral sentiment of the world, without at least waiting for the outcome of the struggle abroad, and reasoning carefully and calmly but in cold blood as to what the cost of a change is going to be. Without awaiting the finish of the war of Nations to benefit by its lessons, we are urged to spend hundreds of millions now, by men who swear by all that is holy, that they alone are patriots, that they alone are the defenders of our national honor and our nationality, and who assert at the same time that they are not militarists, but true pacifists, the greatest lovers of peace we have.

How familiar the sound, how familiar the pretense! Those of us who have lived abroad at intervals can say these platitudes over backwards and forwards with our eyes shut. They are all pacifists, the militarists the world over, all merely insurance agents to keep our national edifices from burning down, all custodians of the pristine virtues—the Austrians, the Germans, the French, the Russians, and the Turkish military men and general

staffs. They all began the same way; every one of the large armies and navies grew out of small ones.

All this in an hour when no experts the world over are as discredited as the military experts. How have not the prophecies of the professional soldier been made ridiculous by the events of Europe! The Germans themselves have proved through daring and courage of their volunteers that the Prussian worship of regular troops was ill-founded. Von Hindenberg's new armies, so he and the Kaiser boast, have fought just as well and as successfully in Poland against the Russians as have the flower of the Imperial Guard. In trench warfare the recruit appears the equal of the long trained soldier. The editors of our own Infantry Journal have been trying to make Congress believe that it takes two years to create infantry soldiers. Lord Kitchener, through his Canadian troops, has already made nonsense of this talk. For years military experts the world over have been telling us that in modern battles there could be no bayonet charges; that hand to hand conflicts were impossible and that the armies would be firing at one another at such ranges as to be practically invisible. The hundreds of thousands of men now bent on killing one another in trenches so close together that hand bombs and grenades may be thrown from one to the other, are a terrible blow to the finality of this judgment. So we were solemnly told by European experts that cavalry ought to carry the lance for shock contests and now we learn that cavalry has lost practically all its value save as a screen. So has the submarine falsified the prophecies of the naval experts and so has the battleship yet to prove in this war that it is worth the horrible price paid for it. And surely we ought never to hear again such balderdash and stuff as certain prominent Americans have put out, claiming that the profession of arms is necessary to preserve the pristine virtues; that long periods of peace make craven and weakling, that military drill is necessary in order to keep alive the manly virtues. From college, factory and shop, from palace and from hovel, have come men by the millions, ready to die for their cause and physically able to withstand any draughts upon their strength.

I believe that I speak in the spirit of historical American ideals, at least as I interpret them as a devoted and loyal American citizen, when I say that the time is near at hand when the masses ought to rise in rebellion against this whole theory of war, demanding freedom of trade and harbors throughout the world, a union of nations where there is a union of states within a nation to-day, and internationalism as against nationalism. The thing for all sane men to hope, who believe in democracy, in Christianity, in humanity, in the brotherhood of man, is that the masses will refuse to be food for cannon at the behest of any masters, kings or queens or whatever their titles may be.

This is the kind of revolution the world needs above all else at this hour—a sweeping, overwhelming uniting against those who rob nations of seventy-five per cent. of their income for war purposes, and take it away from the building of cities beautiful without slums, from the reclaiming of waste lands, of our deserts and our swamps, the developing of our waterways, our water powers and our highways, the true education of our masses, the leveling of every barrier of caste and prejudice. In short, militarism withholds vast sums from the amelioration of the lot of the poor, the ill, the suffering, the wronged, the oppressed, and I am for bitter and harsh words about it now and always; I am for turning upon those who counsel that we shall plot to murder other nations and peoples either for offense or defense as true traitors to the nation, faithless to every American ideal, faithless to every teaching of Jesus, faithless to the God-like in humanity itself.

ADDRESS OF REAR ADMIRAL R. E. PEARY

Arctic Explorer

I would have much preferred with you to sit here and listen to these masters of thought and expression who are here this afternoon, than to get on my feet and talk, but they have me on the list, so you and I must make the best of it.

I have always thought I had in a general way an idea of what American ideals are, but when my friend Partridge asked me to say something on the subject, I found my conception not sufficiently crystallized for expression.

Of several I asked the question what are American ideals? My daughter suggested fair play and ambition. A pessimist suggested money getting and graft. One referred me to the preamble of the Constitution.

Assuming that the ideals of the Constitution are truly ours, and that fair play and ambition and others may be added to them, are these ideals distinctively American, or are they held also by others?

Would not our assumption of them as distinctively ours, be in the same category as that other fond assumption of so many of us, that an American can lick all creation?

But it seems to me there are two things which may be called American ideals, and which are very generally ingrained in us; one of them the result of our environment and national growth, the other in a way the outgrowth of the first. These two things are "bigness" and "realization" (in the sense of accomplishment or effectiveness).

Could the growth of this country from the original thirteen little colonies hugging the Atlantic Coast—first to the Mississippi—then to the Rocky Mountains—then to the Rio Grande—then to the Pacific—till we are three thousand miles across and fourteen hundred miles from north to south, fail to make an indelible impress upon a breed of men and women vigorous enough to push out for themselves to found a new nation?

I do not speak of our later expansion to the Arctic Circle by the acquisition of Alaska, nor to our circling the world by taking over Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, the Philippines and Porto Rico. These came too late to affect the earlier generations, bred and raised in a country already stretching from ocean to ocean through three thousand miles of boundless resources and possibilities.

When it came to national advancement and development, our railroad builders had to think in hundreds of miles, where those of other countries thought in miles—our wheat farmers thought in square miles and townships, where those of other countries thought in acres—our financiers thought in billions, where those of other countries thought in millions.

The second ideal presents somewhat of the paradox of being both a predecessor and a corollary of the first. The sturdy pioneers who in frail craft crossed a wide and stormy ocean to found the beginnings of this country, stood in their own resolute persons for "realization," the realization of their dreams of a free home and land.

Later, realization became a necessity, the essential of success which is the goal of ambition.

Failure to put through a little railroad might be trivial; failure with a transcontinental trunk line would be of vital magnitude. Failure in a farm of a few acres meant trying again next year; failure in a thousands of acres ranch was ruin.

Failure of a million dollar company might not be of special importance; failure of a billion dollar corporation would be a national calamity. And so "realization" became the companion ideal of "bigness."

I think of no more striking examples of our superb assurance as a result of these ideals, than our wars with England, and our Monroe Doctrine.

In one we made war against the greatest sea power ever known and won. In the other we calmly stated to the world "Excuse us but our sphere of influence is an entire hemisphere if you please."

Thus far we have made good. Can we continue to do so? If we keep our ideals before us, yes—if we go to sleep, no.

There are three recent examples which also illustrate my presentation of “bigness” and “realization” as American Ideals.

From the beginnings of the race, man has dreamed of flying. Americans, the Wright Brothers, solved the problem of true flying, and opened up to us a new world, the world of air. A big thing, a realized thing.

For four centuries the world strove and waited and dreamed of a ship canal connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific. Americans, Roosevelt and Goethals, solved the problem and gave us the greatest artificial waterway the world will ever know. A big thing, a realized thing.

For four centuries the world strove and waited and dreamed of reaching the northern axis of the globe. American money and experience solved the problem. A big thing, a realized thing.

Now, if you assent to my conception of two fundamental American Ideals and permit me to amend the title of our subject of discussion to-day, and make it “American Ideals and Destiny,” I will add a few words on the latter subject.

I do not expect to tell you anything new, simply to refresh your memory and to group certain facts.

With this world map before us, let me call your attention—first, to our position in the southern half of the north temperate zone, the location of maximum crops, of maximum resources, of maximum mentality—second, to our location midway between the two great acres of maximum population, Europe and China—third, to our location between the two great oceans, the North Atlantic, the ocean of the present, and the North Pacific, the ocean of the future.

Then let me call your attention to our magnificent coast line on each of these great oceans, and note that the Panama Canal which we have built and which we own, makes these two coast lines practically continuous from Eastport

to Cape Flattery. And here let me say there are those here to-day who will see the Panama Canal a sea level canal, and will see another great ship canal across the American Isthmus at Nicaragua.

Then let me note to you that in our Pacific Coast, Alaska, the Sandwich Islands, Guam and the Philippines, we control the base and one side of the great triangle of the North Pacific.

We are in touch with the present, we are in position for the future.

Then let me call your attention to the fortieth parallel of latitude. Did you ever with map or globe trace the 40th parallel of North Latitude around the world, and as you did so recall your history?

Near that line lay the Phoenician, Chaldean and Babylonian Kingdoms. On it lay the Persian Empire. Close by mighty Egypt. Near it Greece, and Imperial Rome, Constantinople, Madrid and Peking.

It is the most fateful and suggestive line upon the earth's surface. The life line of the world's successive dominating nations.

That line of destiny bisects this country. Strung along it are New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Do you believe that all these things are mere chance? I do not. We cannot escape the bigness, the imperial bigness of our destiny, and it is our duty to prevent the retardation, and to assist the advance of that destiny.

With "bigness" and "realization" our ideals—with imperial position and prospects our possession—what may we not realize in the future if only we always keep before us the watchwords preparedness and self-containedness?

We cannot stand still. A hundred years from now we shall either be obliterated as a nation, or we shall occupy the entire North American world segment.

The former is inconceivable, the latter may be nearer than we think.

ADDRESS OF REV. FREDERICK LYNCH

Editor and Author

We have had about two hours of speeches, and I, myself, had several things to say, but they have all been said, and when they have been said better by somebody else, what is the use of saying them all again?

For five or six minutes, let me draw one or two lessons for this country. Perhaps what has been said may take upon itself new emphasis. I had either the fortune or the misfortune to spend this summer in the nations which are at war. No one could have come through Germany, and no one could have been in France during the beginning of those awful days, and no one could have been in England, as I was for several days, without having borne in upon him one or two things which he never could eradicate from his mind, which were seared there as by hot irons upon his brain.

I happened to be in company with forty or fifty other Americans, and in talking with them I have found that they also had two impressions drilled into their souls as I had. I will just put these things straight before you. I have been there almost every summer for a good many years, and after living with the people of Germany and France and England, I find they are all a good deal alike, no matter what you may read. Coming across Europe this summer, the thing that came over me day after day, as it has in previous years, is this: that a civilization based wholly or largely on force will ultimately go down. Civilization has become too big a thing to base it upon force; it has become a thing of brain and mind and heart; it has become a thing of spirit. The civilization of Germany, in spite of the spell that the false philosophers have put upon it, was a spirit of fine and high and noble

idealism. The spirit of England and France was the same, and the mistake that Europe has been making has been in trying to base that great, superb, growing civilization upon force and upon force alone. Now force has failed; force has toppled and gone down, and my friends, I believe the old ideal has gone down with it forever. I am not exaggerating, I have been in Europe. Force, powder, soldiers, everywhere in evidence. I went into an art gallery with a friend, and we both remarked together: "Notice that every portrait in this room is of somebody who has killed somebody."

A missionary in China, who for several years had been trying to interest one of the high officials in Christianity, one day heard this man was going to visit Europe. He thought, "Now is my chance." So to the Chinaman he said, "I want you to observe keenly while you are in Europe and see what is the most conspicuous fruit of Christianity that you find." In three months the Chinese official came back from his tour of Germany, Austria and England, and the missionary ran to meet him, thinking he would be easy prey. "What was the most conspicuous fruit of Christianity you saw in Europe?" asked the missionary; and with a twinkle in his eye the Chinaman said "Guns." You know how true that is.

Leaving aside for the present consideration of what should be an effective army and navy, what I want to see in the United States is a nation that dares go out into the future and lead the rest of the world, as it surely will, and build its great foundations on something higher and finer than mere brute force, which is bound to fail. I want to see a nation that will stand up to the rest of the world and say, "Our justice is our self-defence; our character is our self-defence. We don't want the territory of any other nation in the world, and we don't intend to take it. We want to deal justly by all people and we are going to be the friend of every nation in the world that will let us be so." Our character shall be our great defence, and I don't believe the United States is in any more danger when she says that than Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne is in danger when he puts these same ideals into practice at Sing Sing. One of the secrets of Mr. Osborne's success is

that he goes out among the prisoners with no revolver in his pocket.

Another lesson that came to us as we crossed Europe was this: that the nations are far, infinitely far behind individuals in the state of ethics into which they have come in their relationships to one another; and the one great task of the future will be to bring nations to behave toward each other as gentlemen do. Gentlemen do not steal; gentlemen do not kill; gentlemen do not settle their disputes by weapons. If we can only bring the nations up to the point where they can learn to practice those fine, high things which all gentlemen practice—charity, tolerance, the desire to see both sides of a question, the desire to get justice and not to get pre-eminence or predominance—then the whole question of war will be settled forever. If we can only get the nations to realize that it is our duty and not our rights by which we live, we will have solved the whole problem of the future. Gentlemen are not going about talking of their rights, but of their duties and of getting rights for others. Christianity has come to that stage where we say a Christian is the man who wants to get the rights for the rest of the world, and is not thinking about his own rights, is not thinking about protecting himself, about getting revenge for his honor. Honor's wounds are generally self-inflicted. He is not thinking of his rights, but he is thinking of his *duties*; he would not get them, even if he believed in them, if those "rights" meant the destruction of someone else. The nations of this Twentieth Century must come up to this ideal, and I want to see our government brave enough and fearless enough to say to the rest of the world, "We are not concerned everlastingly and eternally, as the nations of Europe have been, with avenging our insulted honor. We are thinking of bigger, finer things, just as all gentlemen are everywhere, of rendering what service we can to the world, putting duty as our ideal and not self-protection nor our rights.

ADDRESS OF Dr. JAMES J. WALSH,

Editor and Author.

I think probably the reason I was asked to talk this afternoon is because there are two things in the world, contrast and microbes. I represent, not the microbes, but the contrast. Unfortunately, I was not told anything about Professor Peabody's book. One must be careful about definitions, you know. Before coming here I turned to the Century Dictionary to see what might be the meaning of the word ideal to which one would apply that interesting epithet American. There are evidently two lines of thought underlying the word as familiarly used. According to one of these an ideal is something that exists only in idea and being confined to thought or imagination is considered impractical and quite unattainable. The other is that an ideal represents a standard of beauty or virtue so high that it is rather a standard of desire than an ultimate object or aim, a mental conception of what is eminently desirable rather than something that we hope to realize in any way.

Some of our American ideals are rather interesting by contrast. I have just been reading once more something about the fete made for Cimabue's Madonna when it was carried in triumph through the Streets of Florence. All the people of the quarter of the city in which it was painted, turned out and followed it in procession. Work was stopped for the day in that quarter of the City and they had such a fine time that it was ever afterwards recalled by the invention of a new name for that quarter of the city. I have ventured to ask some friends what they thought would cause the populace in a quarter of the city to turn out in anything like similar fashion to the Cimabue incident. I may say that they were not agreed as to whether it could be done at all, but some of them

thought that if some new white hope should win the heavyweight championship from Jack Johnson and if his coming were announced any attempt on his part to walk through the Streets would almost surely require the presence of the police to permit traffic to be free. Another friend thought that if the winning team just after the pennant was clinched were to come home to their eponymic town, it is not their home town in any sense of course, there would surely be a similar procession to that which greeted Cimabue's great picture.

Last year in the celebration of Shakespeare's three hundred and fiftieth birthday I took occasion to tell some evening High School boys how impossibly dirty was the London of Shakespeare's day. The boys had great fun laughing at these unrefined Elizabethans. When I suggested, however, that these people went to Shakespeare's plays in such large numbers that they made a large fortune for him while we cannot keep a Shakespearean play going for more than a week, the laugh died down. One thing is perfectly sure, while we have much more refinement than the Elizabethans, they apparently had much more taste than we have. I wonder if the trouble is with our ideals.

Now I am not going to draw any conclusions. I am just going to leave these contrasts to speak for themselves and ask whether possibly most of our American ideals have not been concentrated on making ourselves more comfortable in body and not paying very much attention to the development of our minds. I don't think that even I want to say as much as that. I know there is something wrong with our American life. I think that it can be summed up in one of those brief illuminating expressions from the Old Testament, which runs something like this: "The fascination of trifles obscures good things." We are having a number of good things obscured for us, though there never was such a running after trifles of all kinds as just now. We read trifling books, see trifling plays, view trifling motion pictures, hear trifling after dinner speeches and we are missing a lot of good things in life. I wonder if the war with all its seriousness will affect us enough to get us away from

the fascination of trifles that seems to me is overwhelming us. But then my friends say I am a pessimist. I think that I am only someone who has had to live over long with some very self complacent optimists.

Just now we find ourselves face to face with another material thing. You know we have been boasting about the prosperity of the world. There never before was so much money in the world as now. We have had one hundred years of industrial prosperity. In the old world we are beginning to see one of the flaws of that last hundred years. How much of the vast wealth accumulated should in justice have gone to the workingman who, amid all the boasted prosperity, was seldom able to earn more than a living pittance. Do you remember, about the middle of the Civil War, on the occasion of the Emancipation Proclamation, Lincoln said: "Perhaps in the order of Providence, for every unpaid-for drop of sweat of the negro slave there will have to be shed, before we get through with this war, a drop of white, free blood"? Something very nearly like that came. Just at the present, Europe is engaged in getting rid of some of the accumulated wealth of the world. Over there they were spending in August Thirty-seven Millions of dollars a day; in September Forty-five Millions a day; in January Fifty-five Millions a day. Already there is Twelve Billions of Dollars gone. Is it possible that somewhere in the order of Providence for every cent that was unpaid to the workmen in an era of world prosperity, we shall have to pay out a dollar of the accumulated wealth of the world? The mills of God do grind slowly, but they grind awfully fine. Were we watching the material far too much and not thinking enough of the spiritual?

We founded this nation on some of the greatest spiritual principles, such as the world never before knew. I do fear sometimes that we have let ourselves down from our high ideals and that some of the things they say of us in Europe are true.

Just at the present moment, surely, our ideals should all be for peace. You know what an undercurrent of feeling there is that would lead to anything but peace,

however; I am a pacifist but not one of those who thinks that we should have peace just because it will make the world nice and comfortable. If peace ever comes for that reason we shall have a world not worth living in because of its degeneration and selfishness. If the world wants peace it can have it, but it must really want it. The world will never have peace, however, until something of the wonderful spirit of sacrifice that comes into men in time of war can be engendered also in time of peace.

On August 1st, 1914, when, as was said, modern history began, there were some 25,000,000 men in Europe who thought they had a right to say how their lives should be lived and their careers should be shaped. In those early days of August they learned that they had no rights, that not even the precious home ties and obligations meant anything as compared to their duty to their country. One cannot help but admire the spirit that prompts such devotion to duty. As a consequence a great many of these men are now fighting bravely and helpfully, shoulder to shoulder with hereditary enemies in a spirit of brotherliness. France and England have been supposedly hereditary enemies for centuries. See where they are now. When we are able to foster and develop some of the brotherliness that thus comes out in time of war we shall have a lasting peace, but only when something like that comes. The arguments from prosperity and comfort and convenience mean nothing as against the spirit of war in man. If men but will make half the sacrifices for peace that they do for war then we shall have an enduring peace.

BISHOP GREER'S CLOSING WORD

There is nothing to reply to. It was announced that this would be a discussion. It has been, rather, a dissertation along the same lines. There is no opportunity for rebuttal. I agree with everything that has been said. The meeting, it seems to me, has reached its climax. The best thing I can say, after all you have heard this afternoon, and the only thing I can say to you after all you have heard this afternoon, is, "Go in peace."

LETTERS RECEIVED

FROM CHARLES W. ELIOT

President Emeritus of Harvard University

It will not be practicable for me to attend the Dinner of the Republican Club in New York City, on Saturday, March 27th. I congratulate you on the subject to be discussed. National ideals account for the differences among nations. We need not be alarmed at the radical diversities in our population, so long as all immigrants come hither in search of freedom and the diffused well-being which democracy produces.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

FROM

CHANCELLOR ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN

of New York University.

At the last moment, imperative demands upon my time prevent me from coming this afternoon to the luncheon of the Republican Club, and participating in the discussion of *American Ideals*. I am deeply disappointed, for I had something to say, and, still more, I wanted to hear what your other speakers had to say.

I was going to speak of an American ideal in education. You have heard that education is the only single thing that all Americans believe in with all their heart. But we all believe in different kinds of education. Perhaps we believe, too, that every American ought to have a different education from every other American. Some kind of unity in our educational ideal we must have, if we are to continue to be one people.

I would not go the length of trying to hammer our people into national unity as has been done where the military ideal has been predominant. But I think it would be worth while to see whether our education cannot spread abroad something better than the military ideal and make it a national characteristic.

It is to be hoped that we are finding out what a poor bungling thing war is as a means of accomplishing any good result in our international relations. It is to be hoped that at the same time we are finding out what poor bungling means are now too often employed to accomplish any good result at home in our industrial relations. About the greatest thing that education has to do in the immediate future is to make this American people a people that is consciously and deliberately bending its efforts toward a better method than that of strikes and lock-outs, and a better method than that of international war.

That would mean a people that believes in spiritual forces as the ultimate dependence of human society, and does not believe that brute power and gunpowder can ever be the ultimate dependence of human society.

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN.

NON-PARTISAN SATURDAY DISCUSSIONS

OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY

SIXTH SEASON, 1915

Chairmen of Committees of Arrangements for the Several Meetings.

Jan. 9th—Mr. Andrew B. Humphrey	Feb. 20th—Mr. Edward W. Harris
Jan. 16th—Mr. J. Henry Smythe, Jr.	Feb. 27th—Mr. John A. Dutton
Jan. 23rd—Hon. Robert W. Bonyng	Mar. 6th—Mr. Edward R. Finch
Jan. 30th—Mr. Gerald Stratton	Mar. 13th—Judge Alfred E. Ommen
Feb. 6th—Hon. Wm. H. Douglas	Mar. 20th—Hon. Wm. S. Bennet
Feb. 13th—Mr. Edward C. Miller	Mar. 27th—Mr. Wm. Ordway Partridge
Mr. Edward F. Cragin, Chairman	
Mr. Edward C. Miller, Vice-Chairman	
Mr. Franklin P. Duryea, Vice-Chairman	
Mr. J. Henry Smythe, Jr., Secretary	

SUBJECTS AND SPEAKERS, SEASON OF 1915

- Jan. 9.—"The War and After."
His Excellency Doctor Bernhard Dernburg, Former Imperial German Colonial Secretary.
Doctor Henry M. MacCracken, Former Chancellor, New York University.
Doctor Toyokichi Iyenaga, Professor of History, Chicago University.
Doctor Edwin Bjorkman, (of the American-Scandinavian Foundation).
Chaplain: Rev. William Carter, D.D.
- Jan. 16.—"The Military Needs of Our Country," "Army Day."
Hon. Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War.
Hon. Henry L. Stimson, Former Secretary of War.
Col. William Cary Sanger, Former Assistant Secretary of War.
Rev. John Haynes Holmes.
Chaplain: Rev. Chas. C. Albertson, D.D.
- Jan. 23.—"Should the Federal Government Own or Operate or Only Supervise the Interstate Railroads?"
Hon. James Wesley Bryan, Congressman at Large from Washington.
Mr. Benjamin F. Yoakum, Chairman of the Board, St. Louis & San Francisco Railway.
Mr. Thos. F. Woodlock, formerly of the Wall Street Journal.
Prof. Edward Sherwood Mead, Professor of Finance, University of Pennsylvania.
Mr. T. P. Shonts, President Interborough Rapid Transit Co.
Chaplain: Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D.
- Jan. 30.—"The Future of Our Navy," "Navy Day."
Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.
Hon. George von L. Meyer, Former Secretary of the Navy.
Hon. Herbert L. Satterlee, Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy.
Dr. Frank Crane, Editor and Author.
Hon. William M. Calder, M. C.
General Francis V. Greene.
Mr. S. Stanwood Menken, President National Security League.
Chaplain: Rev. William Edgar McCord, Chaplain Seventh Regiment.
- Feb. 6.—"How Can We Create an American Merchant Marine Commensurate with Our Needs?"
Hon. Rufus Hardy, of Texas, member Congressional Committee on Merchant Marine.
Hon. Wm. E. Humphrey, member of Congress from Washington.
Hon. Jas. T. McCleary, former member of Congress from Minnesota.
Hon. Dudley Field Malone, Collector of the Port.
Hon. William H. Douglas, former member of Congress from New York.
Mr. Edward N. Breitung, owner of the steamship "Dacla."
Chaplain: Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D.D.



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Feb. 13.—"What Can the United States Do for Latin America and What Can Latin America Do for the United States?"

His Excellency, Domicio da Gama, Ambassador from Brazil.
 Senor Ignacio Calderon, Minister from Bolivia.
 Senor Dr. Federico Alfonso Pezet, Minister from Peru.
 Senor Dr. Don Gonzalo S. Cordova, Minister from Ecuador.
 L. S. Rowe, LL.D., Professor of Political Science, University of Pennsylvania; President of the American Academy of Political and Social Science; Chairman Pan-American Committee of the Department of State.
 Mr. H. R. Eldridge, Vice-President of the National City Bank, New York.
 Mr. Chas. M. Muchnic, Manager of the Foreign Department of the American Locomotive Company.
 Professor William R. Shepherd, of Columbia University.
 Chaplain: Rev. William Carter, D.D.

Feb. 20.—"Is Democracy Gaining Over Aristocracy and the Spirit of Brotherhood Over Race Hatred?" "University Day."

Professor William M. Sloane, Professor of Contemporary History, Columbia University, author of "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," "The Balkans," etc.
 Professor William Pickens, Professor of Languages, Wiley University, Marshall, Texas.
 Professor Franz Boas, Professor of Anthropology, Columbia University.
 Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, Professor of Government and Public Administration, New York University.
 Professor Toyokichi Iyenaga, Professor of History, Chicago University, Representing Japanese News Bureau.
 Professor Philip K. Hittl, President Intercollegiate Cosmopolitan Club of New York, graduate and member of permanent staff of the Syrian American College at Beirut, Syria.
 Lecturer on Semitic Languages, Columbia University.
 Chaplain: Rev. John F. Carson, D.D.

Feb. 27.—"Should the Suffrage be Extended to Women in the State of New York?"

Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, of New York.
 Mrs. A. J. George, of Boston.
 Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw.
 Miss Lucy J. Price.
 Mrs. Harry Hastings.
 Miss Alice Chittenden.
 Chaplain: Rev. Howard Duffield, D.D.

Mar. 6.—"What Should be Embodied in the New State Constitution?"

Hon. John Purroy Mitchell, Mayor of New York.
 Hon. Martin W. Littleton, Former Member of Congress from New York.
 Judge Samuel Seabury, of the Court of Appeals, State of New York.
 Judge William H. Wadhams.
 Chaplain: Rev. Sidney N. Ussher, D.D.

Mar. 13.—"Shall the Powers of Borough Government Be Maintained as at Present or Increased or Decreased?" "Borough Day."

Hon. Marcus M. Marks, President, Borough of Manhattan.
 Hon. Henry Bruere, City Chamberlain.
 Hon. Lewis H. Pounds, President, Borough of Brooklyn.
 Hon. Douglas Matthewson, President, Borough of Bronx.
 Hon. Maurice E. Connolly, President, Borough of Queens.
 Hon. William M. Calder, M. C.
 Mr. Cabot Ward, President, Park Board.
 Chaplain: Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D.D.

Mar. 20.—"The Future of the Philippines."

Hon. Wm. Patterson Borland, Member of Congress from Missouri.
 General Francis V. Greene, identified with the Capture and Surrender of Manila, and the Spanish Forces in the Philippines, August 13, 1898.
 Dr. Arthur J. Brown.
 Martin Egan, formerly with the Manila Times.
 Chaplain: Rev. William Carter, D.D.

Mar. 27.—"American Ideals."

Hon. John Bassett Moore, Former Assistant Secretary of State.
 Right Rev. David H. Greer, Bishop for the Diocese of New York.
 Thomas Mott Osborne, Warden, Sing Sing Prison.
 Hamilton Wright Mable, Editor and Author.
 Oswald G. Villard, of the Evening Post.
 Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, Arctic Explorer.
 Rev. Frederick Lynch, Editor and Author.
 Dr. James J. Walsh, Editor and Author.
 Chaplain: Right Rev. David H. Greer.